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ONE DOLLAR FOR SIX MONTHS.

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THE INSTRUMENTS OF THE SPIRIT WORLD.

Inspirational Address Delivered Before
the First Spiritual Association by Jesse
W. Lee.

(Specially Reported for The Better Way.)

"About Ben-Adhem (may his tribe increase):
Awoke one night from a deep dream of
peace.

And saw the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom.
An angel writing in a book of gold—
Exceeding peace had made Ben-Adhem bold;
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its
head,

And, with a look made all of sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the
Lord."

"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not
so."

Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still, and said, "I pray thee,
then,
Write me one that loves his fellow men."

The angel wrote and vanished. The next
night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God
had blessed,
And lo! Ben-Adhem's name led all the rest."

In the stately dusk of an Italian eve-
ning, under the brown shadows of the
old cathedral in Parma, sat the Maes-
tro. Carelessly his fingers lingered
upon the strings of his beloved Cre-
mona, and from that exquisite instru-
ment floated the melody whose divine
fire had burned its radiant way to the
hearts of kings. The soul of music
lived in that trembling shell; dumb to
the untutored touch, yet eloquent and
instinct with celestial harmony under
the sweep of the Maestro's magic bow.
Upward soared those matchless notes—
like golden-throated larks that sing at
sunrise—and the genius of inspiration
released the imprisoned soul and gave
it a mission. Its last quivering note
echoed in a wanderer's heart, and
breathed a message from home. A
friendless outcast, loitering on the way,
turned back to catch the dying melody,
and a tear of regret for something lost
out of his life dimmed the eyes so long
unused to tears. The Maestro shivered.
An idle boy had wanted cast a stone,
and it crushed the fragile shell that en-
shrined the soul of melody, never again
to whisper the messages of the angels;
never again to stir the great heart of
humanity with divinest impulses and
purest aspirations. Only discord now
from the riven strings; and it quivered
and moaned like a wounded human
thing, while the Maestro reverently
gathered up the precious fragments,
broken like his heart!

In a quiet English village an exile
had made his home. No one knew
whence he came, no one cared so long
as his skillful fingers awoke the soul
that slumbered in the old organ in the

quaint and rustic chapel. Every even-
ing he made his way to the organ loft,
and in the dim silence sent his soul up
to God on passionate waves of music.
Supplication, sorrow, love, despair—all
the tender emotions of the human
breast—were expressed in that song
without words. Then, as his mood
changed, a grand jubilate would go
crashing through the chapel arches,
until, weary of its own sublime triumph
and majesty, the magnificent strains
would thrill and drop into sobbing
ecstasy, and fling their softly palpitat-
ing notes upon the scented air, to faint
and die of their own sweetness. And
every evening a desolate child would
weep under the chapel window to lis-
ten. A desolate, hungry child, with
that far-off look in his wistful eyes that
marked his kinship with the angels.
And when the sleek and well fed beadle
of the parish found him there and won-
dered, the child would say, "Please, sir,
the angels is 'a' talking to me in the
music, and it 'pears to me I kin a'most
see 'em, so white and shiny like!" And
the beadle would laugh and say, "The
angels talk to you? You?" And he
would laugh again and go on his way,
this beadle so sleek and comfortable,
and infinitely more respectable. And
so the nameless exile brought messages
of love and tenderness from the angels
to the desolate child; and every night
he crept to the chapel window, in sum-
mer and winter, barefoot and hungry,
never asking for shelter and warmth,
never caring so long as he could hear
the white fingers on the organ keys,
and just see the old man's crown of sil-
ver hair like a halo in the moonlight.
But one night the voice of the organ
was mute, though the child waited long
and patiently. They had found the
master with his arms clasped lovingly
about the instrument, and his long
white hair sweeping the silent keys.
"The angels will not come to-night!"
said the child sorrowfully; "p'rhaps
they'll come to-morrow!" But to-mor-
row came, and still he waited. Waited
even when they told him that the mas-
ter was dead! Hoped still when he
followed the villagers as they bore the
exile to his last earthly resting place.
"We must find some one to play the
organ," the rustic said; and rude hands
carelessly brushed the keys and struck
a few sharp, discordant notes amid
merriment and laughter. "The organ
was out of tune," they said, "but the
master was gone!" And the child still
waited for the angels that never spoke
to him again from the chapel window.
But one winter morning they found
him with outstretched arms upon the
master's grave, and the silent snow had
lovingly wrapped him in a spotless
winding sheet, while his waiting spirit
had joined the master in the home the
angels had told him of.

Dear friends, if the instruments fash-
ioned by mortal hands are so exquisite
and delicate in construction that only a
master hand can evoke their perfect
melody, if one corroding string, one
strained, discordant key can render the
skilled musician's touch harsh and dis-
sonant, how much more subtle and
sensitive are the instruments of the
spirit world! To what due uses must
those instruments be attuned to allow
the master intelligences perfectly har-
monious control? Can we expect the
inhabitants of the harmonious spheres,
who are subject to the laws of harmony
that will not allow them to penetrate
the atmosphere of discordant conditions
—can we reasonably expect them to
perform the work required of them by
the spirit world, when we, ourselves,
build barriers that retard their efforts
for our good, and the good of humanity?
Should we not hold it a sacred duty to
create and preserve the best and purest
conditions to aid them in their minis-
try? Is it not unkind, ungrateful to our
faithful guides to lightly hold our gifts
that set us apart from the world as
bright and glorious examples of the
Spiritual Philosophy? Into our hands
is given unlimited power for good

Shall we not use that power intelligent-
ly and nobly? Whose fault is it when
the lessons they would teach through
us are imperfect and unsatisfying?
When the message they bring to loved
ones here is vague, unreliable and fre-
quently improbable? Through what
avenues of selfishness, or bitterness or
vanity has that message percolated, un-
til it has taken up the sediment in its
passage, and becomes at last only the
soiled semblance of the message itself?
Shall we blame the messenger as many
do, and say, "the spirits are untruthful;
they are deceiving spirits, and we want
nothing to do with them?" No! The
messenger is all right; but the instru-
ment is out of tune. Its sweet chords
are jangled and harsh. The avenues of
communication are clogged with grass,
material, sediment. Perhaps we have
nursed the scorpion of envy or jealousy
in our secret breast, and its poison has
choked the channels that charity should
have kept clean and pure. Vanity and
pride are the monsters that war with
the spirits' best endeavors to clear out
the rubbish and put their instruments
in perfect working order. They are
confronted on every side with difficul-
ties and obstructions that would long
ago have worn out mortal patience; but
their patience is infinite. "I don't
want Tom, Dick or Harry to control
me," one will say. "I want a distin-
guished spirit!" An ancient Egyptian,
for instance, who can only communi-
cate hieroglyphically; or an Atlantean,
who lived on earth thousands of thou-
sands of years ago! and the more ancient
they are the better I like it!"

How do we know that we are conge-
nial to Egyptians or Atlanteans? And
unless they are particularly interested
in nineteenth century work, and are
familiar with nineteenth century ideas,
what personal benefit are they to us as
nineteenth century people? It is not
for us to choose, dear friends; if the wise
rulers of the spirit world see that Tom,
Dick or Harry are best fitted to control
us for good and useful purposes, let us
accept them with gratitude and be
thankful that we can be of use to them.
We are not working for personal glory,
but for the advancement of the cause of
Spiritualism, and that ought to be glory
enough for us if we do our work well.
There is a good deal for mediums to
learn. First, that we are simply in-
struments, and can claim no credit for
the utterances of the spirits through our
organisms. So we might just as well
accept Tom and Dick as the ancient
Egyptian. Second, that it is proof of
superiority when our Indian controls,
after being inhabitants of the spirit
world for centuries, have not learned
the English language sufficiently to
converse with us intelligibly. There is
no retrogression in spirit life, and if
other spirits progress, why not the In-
dian? When mediums fully under-
stand this, it will be a great help to the
Indian controls whose powers of lan-
guage are hampered by the medium's
ignorance of spiritual laws.

For my part, dear friends, I am al-
ways glad to welcome the spirit friends
who come with the old familiar names.
I knew them in earth life. They un-
derstood and appreciated me. They
lived beautiful, blameless lives, and
they always gave me the best of coun-
sel and advice. I am proud to know
that they still regard me as worthy of
their friendship; and in my heart and
home there will ever be warmest wel-
come for the spirits who knew me in
earth life, and loved me. It is not of
the least importance to us what names
the spirits bear, and it is not of the
least importance to them, for weightier
matters claim their attention. A spirit
may give any name he chooses; but
does the name add any value to his ut-
terances? It is the lessons themselves
that must be judged. If their teachings
are of a high order of intelligence, if
they are wise, instructive and helpful,
if they inculcate the principles of truth
and goodness; if they aid us to unfold
our highest spiritual capacities, if they
teach us a wisdom and knowledge be-

yond all that we have learned in our
life's experience, if they point out to us
the path of spiritual progression, and
lead us into it unerringly, then we may
know that they are wise, intelligent and
loving; and it matters not whether
their names be Smith, Jones or unpro-
nounceably ancient. The smallest
grain of truth ought to be thankfully
received, though it come from the most
unpretending spirit.

So, dear friends, we want to lay aside
these little vanities and educate our-
selves up to a higher standard of spiri-
tuality. We want to root out all the
ugly prejudices against our fellow crea-
tures. They are unworthy of our call-
ing, they are detrimental to our spiri-
tual growth, and in indulging them we
are retarding the work of the spirits
themselves. How can we work for the
spiritual welfare of others if we neglect
our own? How can we teach the di-
vine principles of love and charity if we
are uncharitable ourselves? Let us try,
dear friends, to be perfect instruments,
that the master's touch may be visible
in all our deeds, thoughts and words.
Oh, friends! how can we so grieve the
loving intelligences, who have conse-
crated us to a glorious mission, and de-
pend on us for a truthful expression of
their desire to enlighten the ignorant,
to serve and uplift all mankind. Me-
diumship is the most sacred, and the
most divine of all gifts. How
are we using it? Let us draw a
reign on the everlasting ego, and use-
lessly work for the good of each other.
Let there be a consolidation of the me-
diumistic forces—a sort of co-operative
union of our best gifts, that our spirit
friends may find themselves untram-
meled by the disintegrating processes
our apathy has encouraged.

The bond between mediums should
be strong and enduring; why cannot it
be? What is to hinder? Only the
want of harmony within ourselves.
We know that while in the body we
cannot be infallible; human follies and
imperfections crop up on all occasions,
but why will we, who know so well the
value and necessity of pure spirituality,
neglect to educate ourselves in all those
graces and virtues that are required of
us as examples of the Spiritual Philoso-
phy? As we understand that philoso-
phy and the laws governing it, we be-
lieve that mediums should be the purest
and noblest men and women in the
world, else we are unworthy to serve in
the cause we represent. The noblest
impulses, the broadest charity, the
most untiring love and patience: these
should be our attributes as instruments
of the spirit world. Is it so difficult to
cultivate those graces? Surely not, with
our faithful guides to help us.

I tell you, friends, we are bringing
disgrace upon the cause of Spiritualism
when we fail to meet its requirements.
St. Paul wrote to the Corinthians:
"Know ye not that ye are a temple of
God, and that the spirit of God dwelleth
in you?" Spiritualism has taught us
the true meaning of those words;
then shall we present unholiness to the
ministry of angels? Can we expect
them to abide with us if we do? Oh,
brothers and sisters! let us pave the
inner courts of those temples with love
and goodwill. Let their windows be
clear and shining, that the sunshine of
truth may shed its broad beams within.
Let us veil the deformities of erring hu-
man nature with the beautiful mantle
of charity, and let us believe the best of
people, and not the worst. We who
are so full of faults ourselves, have need
to judge the faults of others leniently.
We must be generous, we must be just.
Rivalry, jealousy and envy are dis-
graceful. Let us rise superior to small
things that drag us down, when the
angels strive to lift us up. We are false
to our professions, false to our philoso-
phy, false to our mediumship, and
worse than all, false to our spirit teach-
ers, who expect better things from our
opportunities. There is one thing we
must stop doing, and that is antagoniz-
ing our brother and sister mediums.

We do it unconsciously, perhaps, and
we would indignantly deny the charge
if brought home to us, but we are
guilty all the same. We are too ready
to call each other frauds, forgetting
that our suspicion, often born of person-
al dislike, creates the very condition for
apparent fraud.

Mediums are extremely sensitive, as
we know; they feel the antagonism of
our unspoken thoughts, and when we
go into their presence with doubt and
suspicion in our minds, we are exposing
them to danger from the spirits our
own uncharitableness attracts. There
is only one remedy for these unhappy
relations as they exist, and that is—
love! Why, what do we mean by turn-
ing our backs on our own philosophy,
which teaches love one another? Do
good to one another. Help one an-
other. By love serve one another.
Why do we call our belief "the harmo-
nious philosophy" if we are not going to
make it harmonious?

Dear friends, we have faith in that
future unfoldment which will place us
upon that high, pure level where the
breath of detraction cannot reach. We
have faith to believe that dissection
and strife will cease among us, and
that only peace and harmony will link
together in a deathless chain the in-
struments of the spirit world. To-day
we part for a brief season—part with
sincere regret that our pleasant re-
unions will, for a time, be suspended;
but let us take away with us happy mem-
ories of the hours when we met in sym-
pathy and fellowship, while the unseen
intelligences ministered to our spiritual
needs, and earnestly enjoined upon us
a faithful performance of our duties,
while they taught us the blessed truths
that would make our lives rich and
beneficent did we honor them as we
ought. Faithfully they have instructed
us. Patiently have they overlooked
our shortcomings, and in every way
striven to make us worthy instruments.
Ere we part we would offer them our
grateful thanks, our love, our lives,
pledging our fidelity in the future as
co-workers in the great cause that has
for its sublime object the emancipation
of man from error and superstition,
and the establishment of that blessed
truth that shall make him free. May
they guide and direct us still, and go
with each one of us on our separate
way, to meet again in their own good
time in love and fellowship and peace!
And when the recording angel adds
another page to the book of our lives,
may each one of us be able to say:
"Write me as one that loves his fel-
low men."

St. Louis, June 30, 1889.

Written for The Better Way.
SPIRITUAL AND MATERIAL LIFE
AS ONE ETERNAL.

In no part of natural life can I find
evidence of one existing without the
other, nor can I imagine such possible
to be. Try to think of anything inde-
pendent of material or matter. The
mind must have an object to create an
impression. The sun, moon and stars
are bodies. The two are as man and
wife in the duality of nature. The
father and mother God. There can be
no divorce in the marriage of nature
only in part, as we make it ourselves,
and must suffer for this disobedience.
The new bodies are just as essential in
advancement as the mind or spiritual
nature; and as one is refined so is the
other in our present life, and both must
be transplanted into the future on an
equal plane. Yet some seem to forget
the present and try to live in the future,
as though they did not have to live and
work here.

Happiness is not ready made for us;
we must make it just where we are out
of our surroundings. Our destiny is to
live our allotted age. We must culti-
vate, preserve and take care of our ma-
terial form, as sacred and pure, full of
God-life, ever living, as truly essential,
and as much of heaven as anything
that is a part of God, and as revealed to

here or there; or the assured fact of the
future, as sweet, pure, holy and good as
it is, can't give us food, clothing nor
shelter. Though the voice of comfort,
assurance, strength and will power to
cast out trouble may be directed to us,
still we cannot have health, happiness
and home except we make it by our
own exertion.

The world has its destiny and we are
the workers to assist in its fulfillment.
Let us look well to it lest we find we are
no example. Thoughts are powerful in
direction, and I fear we are dissolving
our earthly bodies much too fast by
mistaken spiritual ideas as well as in
the direction of our temporal existence
here. Be dutiful, and heavenly is the
knowledge of an unbroken life between
this and the future life; which reason,
extracted from all things, teaches me
must be so, for nature cannot divide
herself no more than we can cut our
nude in two and live in this so-called
material sphere.

I have learned that I have no grounds
to blame, for errors are but accidents of
growth. How is a man guilty to me if
he has not done my will harm? Why
should I then punish him even in my
thoughts? I believe in freedom, pure
self-control, every one his own master.
I would like to see Spiritualism a religion
under whatever direction he or she
chooses to follow; striving to seek out
and change the little errors of our ways
in all the paths of our life. If we watch
ourselves and connecting influences
with persons and objects with which
we work—the latter play a more im-
portant part than we imagine—for a
careful, orderly, critical way of doing it,
produces good, progressive work, and
eases the mind, pleases the purchaser,
and goes on doing good—we will find
ample employment at home. We can
send our thoughts out around the circle
of the earth, and perhaps penetrating
illimitable space through thought
spheres; but unless they either drop
into our own or other gardens of mind
and take root, producing some creation
in material life, the full progressive life
is not attained, as nothing can live
without production of food, which
comes from the material existence of
nature, not attainable by talk, but by
labor.

Historians, biographers, poets, liter-
ary men, preachers, scientists, philoso-
phers and others, make their living by
writing. Also newspaper editors telling
us how to live by thought or some
heaven without a definite location,
that we may find it. But little conso-
lation would they have or existence,
either, without the worker to produce
the crops to furnish them with food.
Heaven, God, nature, dwell here as
elsewhere. Then let us draw closer to-
gether by dispensing with abusive
terms, by forgiveness, assisting, study-
ing to please; never blaming, re-act-
ing all things; watching the duty of
every thought; weigh every word,
check all passions; allow no envy, ma-
lice, pride, selfishness, to prevail;
treat without a definite location,
displeasure; be friendly with all. It
can be done. Our happiness between this
and the future depends upon good
work in the present, and any connect-
ing influences must centre on the pos-
ition in which every soul now exists in
its own ideal, to do any good or give
relief to any disorder in us. Is it not
so? For these are only my sentiments,
and it is the happiest part of my life to
see others laying the food of thought,
or that most tasteful from the toiler's
hands spread out upon the white table-
cloth or the bare board of the humble,
just as their tastes incline.

A STUDENT OF NATURE.
Cincinnati, O.

"Ancient Spirits."

THE BETTER WAY has been taken to
task for uttering what it knew about
"ancient spirits." Hundreds of persons
claim exclusive companionship with
ancient spirits, and it naturally results
that there is jealousy among the vari-
ous claimants. None of them seem to
think for a moment that each and all
of them are being deceived by spirits
more vain and pretentious than them-
selves.

Spirits are just what they were as
mortals; those who claim to do and be
what they do not, and are not here,
will continue to do so hereafter, so long
as they are unprogressed. All spiritual
progression tends to make people lower,
because all true Spiritualists know that
they can not pass under, or over, an-
other's merits in the land of souls,
where all stand revealed in the search-
ing light of truth.

We are glad that "THE WAY" pro-
poses to tell what it knows about an-
cient frauds, either through rapport
with mediums who claim them, or the
writings that come from them.
We, as Spiritualists, should be ready
to receive the truth, and be undeceived,
however much it hurts our vanity.

RECEPTION TO E. W. EMERSON.

By the Society of Union Spiritualists, at 115 W. Sixth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, Wednesday, July 3, 1899.

On Wednesday evening, the 3d inst., a large number of friends of Mr. Emerson repaired to the Grand Army Hall, 115 W. Sixth street, and tendered him a reception. The exercises of the evening consisted of music, recitations, tests by the guides of Mr. Emerson, and the valedictory address by Prof. J. Clegg Wright. The music of the occasion was beautiful and exquisite.

The program followed the music opened with a recitation by Miss Emma J. Nickerson, of Batton, Miss., of "The Fisherman's Story." Miss Nickerson is an eloquent of no mean talent, and the audience showed its appreciation of her remarks by an encore, in response to which she gave the "Irishman's Prayer."

Following this came a musical duet on piano and violin by Mrs. M. A. Ross and Miss Emma Doudaro. This was an exquisite gem of melody and was marked by the beautiful violin playing. One would almost believe the violin was talking—speaking the sentiments of the human soul almost at times.

Mr. Emerson then addressed the audience with a few appropriate remarks about the occasion, and then Sunbeam took control of the medium to give what so many call

TESTS.

But which, as the guide expressed it, are the facts, the messages of the loved ones gone before.

Sunbeam said there was a large number of intelligences seeking to manifest, and that she would endeavor to speak for as many as possible, and she could see that the audience, after all that they had received in the past, were just as hungry as ever, and she expected when she went away they would still be hungry.

There by that lady there are a number of intelligences surrounding her and they seem to be assisting some one to manifest. Over your head we see the letter W, and there are two on the other side who belong to you and one has that most uncommon of all names—John, and he shows me that letter W, and he says not to be discouraged. The full name is John Whately, and the other man shows us the letters, W, W., and we hear him counting time and then he gives the name of Warren White—say, he was your number one and the other was your number two. The control spoke of the former occupation of Mr. White as being that of a dancing master; recognized. As I pass from this condition I am led away from here into another place and I hear the word Chicago, and I am impressed to say to that lady who sits back yonder, do not be uneasy about the one who is there; for all will come right. Recognized. Again passing through these conditions I feel a buoyant uplifted condition and then I hear a sound of music, and many voices making melody and then the scene changes and I hear bells ringing and sense a burning condition, the flames coming around me on all sides and I hear a rumbling sound. Now I see a young lady standing before me and she says: I awoke from that condition long ago but in trying to manifest I had to give those conditions in order to be more fully identified by the friends whom I loved so dearly. I want to reach Will Bishop who tried to save us girls. I never knew whether he lost his life with us or not for when I awoke over here I could not find him, and have not found him yet. You may say it is Lillie Wynn, and then Sullivan's and they will understand; recognized.

Ned Williams came and gave a message of love and cheer to his wife, and was recognized by her. To Mrs. A. E. Kibby came her daughter Sally who said Lillie and Aleck were with her, and she spoke words of comfort to her mother. Father Whitmore also came and William with him and his message was recognized. The control then took the medium to the rear of the hall to where Dr. S. E. Hyndman sat and said there was a man who brought a big basket of chips to him and says Chip is here and the Prof. is on hand, and I hear the name of Henry, and he says tell him his brother Chip Hyndman is here. Recognized. Messages were given to different parties in the hall in which no names were given but the messages were recognized from the incidents contained in each. To Mrs. Winchell of Price's Hill, came her children, Susie, Denny, and George. George, Mary A. Klug, and John Klug came, and were recognized. Wm. Hoes and Gray Eagle came and gave messages that were recognized. The lack of time and space prevent a more full account of the messages many of which would fill a half-column if given in full.

Prof. J. Clegg Wright was then introduced to the audience and made the valedictory address, as the President Mr. Hare, termed it. Prof. Wright said it gave him great pleasure to be there, but he felt queer somehow because of the noise that was going on outside, where they were already beginning to celebrate the Fourth of July, with much noise and a great smell of gunpowder. And it reminded him of the fact that he

was a defeated Englishman. After a few remarks of an introductory character, Prof. Wright gave an eloquent and beautiful resume of the Spiritual Philosophy, and spoke in high terms of Mr. Emerson and of the first occasion on which they had met. He also remarked upon the first occasion of his meeting with Miss Nickerson. His address was one which stirred the audience and aroused within each a determination to go forth and battle for the cause with a higher aim and nobler purposes than ever before.

Mr. Emerson has been with the Society of Union Spiritualists during two months, May and June, and has done a grand work. In that time he has addressed twenty-one gatherings at the Grand Army Hall, and given from twenty-five to thirty messages at each session from the departed friends in spirit life, and in no one instance has there been a failure to recognize. Mr. Emerson stands at the head of the rostrum test mediums in his phase of work, and any society which secures his work is indeed fortunate. In addition to his mediumistic gifts, Mr. Emerson is a gentleman in every sense of the word; genial and kind-hearted, a word and smile for all, and a man to whom it is a pleasure to listen. The people here will rejoice heartily at his success wherever he goes, and he carries with him the good speed of every one who has listened to the work done by him and his guides, and he will be welcomed by a royal turnout when he returns in June, 1899.

Noah's Flood.

According to Prof. Vail, of Pasadena College, the Noachian flood did not result from any present existing causes, but was a cataclysm attendant upon the seventh and final annular declension upon the earth's surface. In other words, a vast sea, which had been held in suspension in space in the form of an annular belt about the globe, was suddenly precipitated upon its surface through the operations of the law of gravitation. As the entire surface of the earth was presumably inundated, there can be, of course, no sort of comparison instituted between the great original flood and the local ones which have followed it. If those belts seen around Jupiter are of an aqueous nature, a similar deluge may be expected there at some time in the future.

Saint and Sinner.

The recent erection of a monument at Rome, in honor of the great Free thinker, Giordano Bruno, who was a sinner because he dared to use his reason in the study of philosophical questions, and to think outside of church lines, has aroused the Catholic societies of Rome to erect a monument to the special apostle of Rome, St. Philip Neri, the founder of the Society of the Oratorians, of which Cardinal Newman is a member. St. Philip and Bruno were contemporaries in the sixteenth century.

St. Philip was a weak by young nobleman, who gave up everything for the church, while Bruno was an outside thinker, who "gave up the church entirely," in order that he might enjoy intellectual freedom, and was put to death, in order that his heresies might be rooted out. The contrast between saint and sinner, so far as an ecclesiastical judgment can be effected, is seldom more distinctly drawn in the careers of those two men; and even in their deaths they are still opposed as saint and sinner, at the end of the nineteenth century, and parties are still alive to their respective merit.—Herald.

How Jonah Did It!

We confess that up to date we have been troubled about the story of Jonah and the whale. Never having occupied an apartment in that kind of a fish, we have been puzzled to know how the prophet supplied himself with ration of got the necessary degree of ventilation.

Rev. Dr. Talmage, however, in the report of his sermon, clears up our last lingering doubt, and now we feel prepared to believe anything, provided Talmage will interpret it. The Reverend gentleman now states that Jonah's life was preserved while in the interior department of the whale in a very simple way. That is, he dodged "the gastric juice" so limply that the fish's digestive apparatus couldn't get a fair hold on him.

Those of our citizens who contemplate crossing the ocean this season ought to pin this rule in their hats: If you happen to be swallowed by a whale, keep in motion.

We have come to the conclusion that Dr. Talmage knows a good deal more about some things than he does about others. On whales he is an authority.—New York Herald.

Unsolicted Testimonials.

Sardonia, N. Y., January 8, 1899.—Dr. J. H. Loucks, Worcester, Mass.—Dear Brother: I write to tell you how I am and for more remedies, as I think I need them, but I am so much better than when I began treatment, I am more thankful than I can find words to express. I would like to take you by the hand and thank you, that you are instrumental of so much good to me, and as this is impossible, accept this acknowledgment of the help, for I have suffered more in the past two years than can be told. May heaven and the angels guide you always in my prayer.

ELIZA ANDREWS.

Zion, August 6, 1899.—Dear Sir: I thought I would write you a few lines to let you know how I am getting along; I am so much better. I feel better this summer than I have felt for years. Indeed, last summer, I never thought I should be living this summer. Our doctor told me I never would get better, nor I never would under their care; but I am thankful to say under your care and treatment I am well again.

MARY MILLON, Zion, P. O., Ont., Canada.

Written for The Better Way.

SPIRITUAL ESSAYS.

Immortality.

BY HENRY H. WARNER.

Men taking upon themselves the title of scientists have derided the idea of immortality because they made matter the ultimate of all existence. They say matter, in its various forms of correlated atoms working under various laws, is life generating in and of itself, with no other rational cause for the phenomenon of nature, known as life, than atomic motion. By these scientists, mind, or intelligence, is relegated to the sphere of the purely material as a function of matter. In other words, matter is, was and ends all. They deny the existence of the soul, as a conscious entity distinct from the material body after the change called death. They have asserted the one and denied the other upon the testimony of the so-called five special senses. They have declared to man, that the soul, as continued factor in the problem of life, had no existence, save in imagination, because they, the scientists, had never seen, heard, smelled, tasted, or felt of a soul or spirit.

On the other hand, they have presented for our serious consideration and have demanded our acceptance, upon their dictum, of the theory of atomic weights and measures based upon the existence of the atom. They have discoursed as to the size, shape and weight of the atom and have learnedly informed us with much expenditure of large words of the exact number of atoms in a molecule and of the number of molecules of hydrogen that combined with molecules of oxygen entered into the composition of that delightful beverage water. They have declared all existence to be evolved from a single atom or monad. *Monos* is their god, and *Atomos* is his prophet; yet no microscope has ever been invented powerful enough to show to the material sight an atom, the *finale* of their analysis of existence. And if you question carefully one of these self-crowned scientists, he will not, and he cannot, tell you that he ever saw, heard, smelled, tasted or smelt an atom. He never has and in all probability he never will. He has only done these things with aggregations of atoms, if atoms have any existence, and he can only declare as to the existence of the atom by inductive analysis, by reasoning from effects to causes. Certain phenomena are placed under his observation and he says these causes—*e. g.*—atoms and atomic motion—must produce these effects.

But he cannot demonstrate and never has demonstrated by the avenue of the special senses the existence of the atom. If he demonstrates the existence of the atom, at any time, it must be by a resort to inductive methods of reason and logic and not deductive. But the man who claims the existence of the soul as a conscious entity of continuous life apart from the material body, can say: I have better grounds for my claim of a post-mortem soul existence and the intelligent communion of that soul with me, than you have for your atomic theory, for I have observed certain phenomena which can be explained by no other cause, than by the existence and action of de-carneate souls as conscious and intelligent factors in the phenomena; and further, we have been able to do that with such spirits, which you have never done with your alleged atom—*i. e.*—we have seen and we do see spirits; we have heard and do hear them; we have perceived and do perceive odors and the perfume of flowers, that emanate from them and the spirit world; and we have felt and do feel them. How? Both by actual contact with the five senses and through the avenue of the spiritual senses, or that combination, which has been denominated by some as a sixth sense, or as we prefer to call them, the faculties of intuition. Special pleading by materialistic or agnostic dogmatics may be used in an attempt to refute the existence of spiritual senses or of intuition, but is valueless, however, as against the actual phenomena and the testimony of the observers of these phenomena, and on no other rational ground than the existence of de-carneate, conscious, and intelligent human entities, acting by and through natural laws, some known and others as yet unknown, can these phenomena be explained.

We grant the position of the materialistic scientist, that matter is indestructible, as matter, and that it is protean in its powers of change; but we go a step further and take up the ground of a spiritual existence; of a spirit that pervades all matter and molds in form in obedience to the impress of the great principle of life the soul. If matter is indestructible its inner and formative principles, the spirit and soul are indestructible. Matter and spirit had no beginning and hence can have no ending. Without the spirit, matter is shapeless and inactive as to intelligent action, and without the life principle of the soul both are powerless to form any alliance or to perform any of the functions of life. Without the spirit and the soul matter passes into other forms of existence as food for the sustenance of other life.

Man is made up of a triad of substantial energies: Material substance, the outer body, spiritual substance, the spirit; and the soul the actual life of

man. From every fiber of nature; from all that exists there is emanating day by day a subtle force substance, which is capable of being directed as a force for the production of various phenomena. This comes from the soul—the soul of all things. In man, it rises to a higher development than in other forms of existence, and acting upon the spirit, which in turn acts upon the material body produces life and conscious intelligent reasoning powers.

Man is an immortal being because every element that enters into his composition is immortal. The material substance of which the exterior body is formed is immortal though it may change its form every day and be resolved into the primordial chemical elements by the transmutatory processes of nature. Spirit is the evolution of matter say some, the refined essence; to us it appears rather to be an independent substance, and matter, or material substance, is only the other shell through which spirit acting as a medium for the soul, expresses itself in visible form. The spiritual substance changes as well as the material substance; if it did not change there could be no phenomena of growth, as the spirit is the formative principle as before said, but back of body and spirit lies the grand soul principle—that which is life itself, for without it spirit and body would be useless.

This soul as we have already stated is in every department of nature. One author, J. S. Loveland, has denominated it as the automatic force of the universe, and truly he is right, for it is that which sets the planets whirling in space; which causes the soil to bring forth the tender herb and the glaucous oak; this force speaks to us in the thunder that crashes amid the mountain peaks; in the rippling streams; in every department of nature it is manifest. Without it none of the phenomena of life could exist. It is not what life is made of; it is life. Life cannot spring except from life. Material substance of itself, cannot produce life nor intelligence, and spirit alone cannot mold matter to its form; it requires this third element of the trinity of nature—the soul, life or automatic force substance.

We know man is immortal, because he has returned to tell us of his immortality; we know he is immortal because every element of his structure is immortal, but the material body becomes unnecessary and hampers the growth of the spirit and soul and is sloughed off, after they have obtained their full and proper earth development as the butterfly emerges from the chrysalis, and spirit and soul take up the eternal march of individual progress in the spirit realms, while the body passes on in the unceasing round of involution and evolution of nature and serves to perpetuate other existences.

It's English, You Know.

An old couple living in Gloucester, Had a beautiful girl, but they loosed her; She fell from a yacht, And never a spache he found where the cold waves had touched her.

An old lady living in Worcester, Was given a handsome young Worcester; But the way that it crunched, As 'twould never get through, Was more than the lady was Worcester.

At the bar, at the old inn at Leicester, Was a beautiful bar-maid named Leicester; She gave to each guest Only what was the best, And they all, with one voice, Leicester.

—Washington Critic.

A SLIGHT COMPLAINT.

Written for The Better Way.

In a recent BETTER WAY we were notified that the Ohio Valley Association was preparing a grand feast of spiritual food to be given to the public, inviting us at the same time to look out for it. We looked out and saw a nice, clean-looking pamphlet of thirteen pages, entitled thus: "An Essay on Modern Spiritualism, by the Rev. R. Heber Newton, R-ctor of All Souls' Church, New York City." We begin to read, and before we are through the first dozen lines, we have learned the fact that our cautious brother, R. Heber Newton, had never been present at a seance, nor ever had any personal experience of an occult character.

Yet to satisfy us, why he feels himself competent to the task of doing missionary work for our cause, informs us that he "has gone round about it, correcting its towers, marking well its landmarks and peeping under loose corners of the hangings, as he has wandered in the open courts of the gentiles."

He also informs us that he has been a reader of spiritual literature, yet is neither an avowed believer in its claims nor a scornful skeptic toward those claims. No such witness as our reverend brother has declared himself to be is ever permitted to testify in any of our common courts. If the witness has no positive knowledge of his own, he is not permitted to waste the time of others by telling what he has read in the papers, or what he has heard spoken in the streets. The name of "Rev. R. Heber Newton of New York" has quite an attractive sound to many in the distance, no doubt, yet after carefully perusing his missionary writing in the cause of Spiritualism for the Ohio Valley Association, some of us cannot help regretting that some one having positive knowledge and courage to proclaim that knowledge, has not been employed to furnish manuscript to the Society for a missionary pamphlet. Some one who had given evidence of having been, as occasion seemed to require, brought under the direct influence of divine inspiration, like Jennie R. Haggen, Nellie Brigham, or Helen Stuart Ritchie, and number of others, who are not so widely known to the public.

With kind regards and good wishes for every member of the Ohio Valley Association, for the editor and all readers of THE BETTER WAY, and for all other brothers and sisters of the human race, I subscribe to these opinions the name of VALENTINE NICHOLSON.

FOSTER, WARREN CO., O.

[Undoubtedly there are others of the same opinion; but as spirits are controlling this movement, their advice was followed in the matter referred to. The reasons may be inferred.—Ed.]

SUICIDE.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

The Boston Globe of July 2nd, gives quite a lengthy editorial in relation to a young man who committed suicide and was a believer in Spiritualism. The tenor of the article was an attempt to prove that believers in Spiritualism were prone to committing suicide, and more so than individuals of other denominations. To the writer this is not a fact or truth. Spiritualists believe that when a fanatic, individual or a diseased person, or one that is insane commits suicide, the destiny of such a spirit is retarded, but not lost or annihilated, as some church organizations would have the people believe. The only difference between Spiritualists and church members is, the Spiritualists demonstrate a future life for all human beings, without respect to belief or unbelief, race or color; while the church only recognizes immortality in those who accept certain beliefs while denizens of the earth sphere, and no chance for reformation or improvement in the beyond, the home of all individualized souls.

There is nothing that I can discover in the philosophy of Spiritualism that would warrant the belief that Spiritualists are more prone to take their own lives than there is for the materialists or the church members, for they, if well informed, know that every act in life has to be accounted for by the individual himself or herself, and no one else can pay the penalty for bad actions or receive the blessings for good acts. They also know that the longer they live in the material body the more experience they gain thereby; and that there are many things that a spirit needs to be acquainted with before entering the spirit life, or at least it is far better for the spirit to live to a ripe age in the earth sphere than it is to go before being fitted for the life in the beyond.

As far as the writer has any knowledge gained from those that committed suicide, it is unanimous in sentiment that if they could but live earth life over they would not take their own life. The freak of any one young man does not settle the belief and knowledge of Spiritualists as a whole, and it does not seem advisable or consistent for a non-Spiritualist to settle the matter for the Spiritualists, as the editor of the Globe has attempted. Spiritualists are better prepared to settle this issue for themselves, and they take this right.

A. S. HAYWARD.

Boston, July 2, 1899.

The Fourth Dimension.

We can only discern material substance and things that are like ourselves. As these worlds of which we have spoken, become finer, more ethereal, more independent of their sun, they become suns themselves. Changing our line of thought, let us trace from our earth to its central sun, which sun being but a planet, itself revolving around another sun, its center—this center revolving around another sun, its center—yet visible, and supposed to be a star in the constellation Pleiades, and we find that we can logically go still further; but for the material eye to see, the telescope and other appliance for aiding its vision are not yet adequate. We find that we may go on and on, and that each sun, as we come nearer the great center, is finer and more ethereal. It has been asserted that there is a fourth dimension of matter; something more than length, breadth and thickness; something that is interior to what we have been considering. As we go on tracing these worlds, finding them to be finer and yet finer, we mathematically conclude that this planet of ours may, at this very moment, be sweeping the interior organization of a far grander world than any of which we have formed the slightest conception, and whose people are refined to such an extent that they have no more consciousness of our existence than we have of theirs, so from mathematical conclusions we may trace until we can conceive the thought that all which we call space is peopled with worlds and systems of worlds, interior to other worlds and systems of worlds, until there shall be no such thing as space, and that in this which we call space we could, were our eyes sufficiently refined to take cognizance of all the conditions of matter, perceive millions and millions of worlds, interior to still other worlds, all interrelated by one great essence of being, which for lack of better terms we call God, Spirit, Soul or Life. We are bewildered when we seek to locate cause, and when thus going out in thought into the breadths and vastness of creation we can see that we can logically conclude that this which we call space is so densely filled; not only inhabited but inter-habited, that it is not space, but is occupied by existing and orderly moving worlds.—From Seven Creative Principles, by Prof. H. E. Butler.

A Girl's Toilet Articles.

A sensible girl will not keep a lot of cosmetics and drugs on her toilet table, but there are few articles she should always have in a convenient place. She should have an array of glass stopped bottles containing alcohol, alum, camphor, borax, ammonia and glycerine or vaseline. A little camphor and water may be used as a wash for the mouth and throat if the breath is not sweet. Powdered alum applied to a fevered skin will prevent it from becoming very red, slightly and noticeable. Insect stings or eruptions on the skin are removed by alcohol. A few grains of alum in tepid water will relieve people whose hands perspire very freely, rendering them unpleasantly moist. A few drops of sulphuric acid in water are also beneficial for this purpose, and are also desirable for those whose feet perspire freely. We should always recommend care in the use of scented soap; in many cases the perfume is simply a disguise for poor quality. A good glycerine or honey soap is always preferable. Of course, one may rely on scented soap from a high class manufacturer, but it costs more than it is worth. In addition to the soap for bathing, white castile should be kept for washing the hair. Occasionally a little borax or ammonia may be used for this purpose, but it is usually too harsh in its effects.

Written for The Better Way.

FAITH.

The theologians of the present teach their adherents to "walk by faith and not by sight;" and while they profess to teach one faith, their adherents take their name and phase of faith from each leader respectively, and theology is different from other phases of the same faith—the Christian faith. The Spiritualist claims to be established in his religion and philosophy chiefly by what he has learned, and knowledge of the truth, proven and demonstrated to his senses, judgment and reason. But Spiritualism is not a matter of positive knowledge or experience; for there is much to be learned through faith and hope; and while the theologians err in their use of faith, Spiritualists should not go on the extreme and reject the principle of a true use and meaning. Faith is a natural purpose and place to fill, and certainly an important factor in the newness and education of mankind.

We believe much that is told us by spirits in their messages from the unseen realm, and there is remarkable agreement in their statements concerning conditions of life and localities in the spirit world. Our faith rests on a firm basis. Returning spirits tell us homes in that other land as real and palpable to them as are our halcyon days of earth to us, that man will inherit the beauties of that land, of flowers that bloom, of birds that sing—of beautiful people, temples and institutions of learning, accompanied with natural scenery and surroundings. They tell us of progression; of how to be attained in knowledge of the eternal goodness; of opportunities, the most debased and unfortunate, and daughters of earth to outgrow misfortunes. They tell us of things that they are often near us, known thoughts, see and know what we

We rely on these things by faith, cannot learn them otherwise. I may apply my mind to the relation of historical knowledge, and from well authenticated accounts certain events occurred—that persons once lived and performed part on the stage of action—instance, as Thomas Paine, Ben Franklin, George Washington, though I never saw these persons, may say that I know they lived in the continent, and that I have a knowledge of the historical events. So I require geographical knowledge; study of that science, and then I know that the countries, seas, rivers and cities exist, as set forth in science, though I never saw them, as corroborative evidence to my I have traveled over a portion of the world and found a part of the land as described in geography.

Through our papers we learn of operations of Spiritualists through laud and accept the statements through laud. Through THE BETTER WAY we learn of spiritual phenomena occurring in various places, and we believe accounts because we have witness similar phenomena. Although we witnessed the phenomenon of materialization, yet I believe the accounts, except them as true, rely on our faith just as much as the others.

Let no one say there is no Spiritualism. We walk by faith and not by sight, and what we learn by faith enters into our stock of knowledge, certainly as that which we have experience and demonstrated. We learn the philosophy of Spiritualism from the teachings of those who accept the same in faith and practice. It is better to have experience, demonstration and positive knowledge of truth, reality and principle of living the use of our senses, yet we cannot lose sight of the truths which are ours, which we learn by faith.

A. H. NICHOLS.

MATERIALIZATION.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

There seems to be much talk of materialization, as well as argument, and phase of spirit materialization. It seems advisable to have it made possible; but what convinces you will not another; therefore I continue on, an unsolved problem, for some time to come, many of our Spiritualists. As a Spiritualist in Boston, who believed in spirit manifestations, have been deceived, and soiled on now takes the ground that such thing as solid form materialization, and what appears as such is personated by a medium and federate, or transfiguration of the um, and he has asked me to follow proposition to any of those that chooses to accept it, follows:

When the forms that personate those of his dear departed come up before him as they have claimed to have done in the past, allowed to put his arms around them and be agree that he will not them any more than he would were still in the form, and if dematerialized while his arms around them he will pay over to him one thousand dollars.

A materialist in Boston will say the same thing, and all he will put his hands up to the heavens and ported materialized spirit, proves to be such, he will pay the same amount to the Spiritualist offers. If I had power or power was giving such propositions, I would be willing to time against their money and would come out of it. In the harm could come to the medium if a medium can get \$1,000 out of it may not prove anything, but the individual that receives it would make it a business to convince one by one of these individuals as long as they were themselves. If any one wanted the proposition, I will give it to the Spiritualist, and they as to details. I believe in the loss his money.

A. S. HAYWARD.

Boston, July 3, 1899.



Written for The Better Way.

NIRVA, THE ORPHAN GIRL.

Could I but soar on eagle's wings,
I would fly away from earthly woes—
Heed the land where summer reigns,
To pass the eternal years of time.

It was a sad July day when my mother died; that one so gentle and so kind should be laid away forever was more than my youthful heart could well bear. It seemed I should faint away, but struggled to keep up. But when the casket was brought in to which my mother's remains were to be laid, I could hold up no longer. My physical strength gave way; I sank and remembered no more. Just how long I remained in that condition I did not know, but when I regained consciousness a stranger, who proved to be a doctor, was standing over me, and friends around my bed on which I had been laid. My first words were, "Where is mother?" Silence and a look in the direction of where the casket stood was the only answer. My father's sad face and the appealing looks of my little brothers and sisters for a solution of the sad problem, caused my heart to flutter and sink, and all was dark again.

The first I remembered after this was my little sister Nannie's voice calling, "Nirva, wake up. They are taking mamma away." This appeal aroused all my latent energies for self support. Arising from my bed, I would have retained the casket containing so precious a jewel, but was prevented by friends. Slowly and half unconsciously I followed the form to the grave; waves of darkness would float over me at times, then waves of light would supercede them; the darkness growing less intense, and the light more clear and bright at each returning wave, until I forgot the sad scene that surrounded me and was listening to the singing of birds and to the strains of sweet music that reached me from a distance. How long I should have remained in that condition I know not, but Nannie's voice called again, "Nirva, let us go home." Instantly the music ceased, the birds were not there; the crowd of people were dispersing, and the sad reality of my mother's death, with all of its woes, appeared again. I scarcely know how I reached my home. The air seemed oppressive; even the earth beneath my feet seemed to exert a double resistance. My father was despondent; my brothers and sisters looked sad and acted as though they were lost. Each heart seemed to appeal to me, saying, "Nirva, what shall we do?" Young as I was, I felt there was an important duty devolving on me. Could I fill it? Yes, I would try; I would keep my mother's children together; I would instruct them in truth and goodness as far as I was able; teach them decency, respectability and liberality, while my father should at all times find his home as sweet and pleasant as I could make it for him.

Consequently, though my mother was gone, I took pleasure in duty. And yet, was my mother really gone? This question would force itself upon my mind many times, and the startling answer came, "No; mother is with you much of the time, dear child." I did not hear the voice, yet I felt it plied thus words could speak. Feeling thus assured of my mother's presence, my duties seemed more pleasant and light. I wanted to tell father all about my belief that mother was near, but was afraid to do so, never having heard such thoughts mentioned either by him or any one else. And yet I did not know but possibly I was mistaken in the thought, yet it seemed so real and so strong, so contrary to anything I had ever been taught before on the condition of the departed dead.

Time passed on; each one of the family seemingly doing the best he could; the little ones clustering around me as though I was their all in all. Father, from necessity, being away much of the time to earn our bread; for, having sold his slaves in Virginia and wandered to the West, to as he said, begin life anew, his fortune, though not overly large at any time, through sickness and various other losses, was soon consumed. One day he came home looking more cast down, I thought, than for many days of late. I feared to question him as to the cause, though I felt a crisis in our home affairs was near at hand. A dark shadow seemed to hang over the house which made me feel sick at heart, and while meditating on the probable future condition of my father's family, I felt a drowsiness creeping over me, and laid my head on a pillow to rest, when the whole scene of my surroundings began to change. Our home was broken up; my brothers and sisters were scattered in one here, another there; each among strangers, while I was also conducted to a strange place, there to make my home.

The scene was so distressing that I awoke, or returned to my normal condition, for I had not been asleep, with the tears running down my cheeks. Happily, father was out. The children were all at play, and I was alone in the room at the time. I dried my tears, composed my feelings as best I could, and returned to my household duties. Father's worn, weary look worried me still, but I said nothing about it, not wishing to question him as to its cause. I had not long to wait, however, for one day he turned to me and said, in a subdued tone of voice, "Nirva, (now my name was Minerva, but father, adopting the pet name my mother and the children had given me, called me Nirva, "do you know, I think, that you and the children could continue to keep house here alone as you have been doing since your mother died?"

I saw at a moment the source of his sadness of late. He had despaired of being able to keep his family together, and had resolved to put them out, that each of them old enough might earn a little something for his own support. I replied, "Yes, father, I feel sure I can care for them until each becomes grown. We, meaning us children, will soon be able to earn something at home.

We can cultivate a garden and grow our own vegetables; raise fowls and have eggs and feathers to sell, which will fill a large place in the yearly expenses of the family." I remembered well my father's look at this suggestion. He seemed to feel my strong love for home, and the prospective sorrow because of the parting of the family.

He replied with the tenderest emotion, "My dear child, I have thought of all these things and hoped we might make some such arrangement. But," here he hesitated, seemingly overcome with sorrow, but soon began again, "We have no land to cultivate; we have no house we can call our own. All these with many other useful and pleasant things we left in Virginia. It is true we could rent lands and houses, but should we do so we have no means with which we could cultivate the land so rented." He stopped talking to dry his tears, then began again, "I have been looking around some, and have found good places for each of you here in the neighborhood where you are a little acquainted, except you, Nirva. I found a place for you at a stranger's house—stranger to you. It is a good place, though."

While this conversation was going on, the children had all gathered closely around, seeming to comprehend the situation; some of the older ones shed tears and turned away in silence, while little Nannie threw her arms around my neck and said, "You won't go away, will you, Nirva?"

This day and the next were also sad days in my father's family, for father had no time to lose, and us children must each get ready for his new home. Consequently all was hurry and bustle until the time of starting came. It was my privilege to accompany each of the children to the place chosen for him, pleading in advance for excuses for what might seem amiss in their future conduct. Then turning, slowly I paced my way, carrying my scanty store of clothing on my arm to the home chosen for me, which proved to be the home of the Rev. James Murphy and his most excellent wife.

Arriving at the gate, I was met by the good lady and her two grown-up daughters, who each gave me a kiss and bade me welcome to their home. This reception quite overcame me; I reeled in my walk, and was supported by the two sisters to a bed so fine like of which I had not seen since I left my home in Virginia, on which I was laid to rest awhile until I had got over the effects of my emotions. While lying there a sweet calmness came over me; the whole house and surroundings seemed to be lighted up with a peculiar light so different from that of the sun I could but lie there and admire until I heard some one talking, seemingly the voice of my mother saying, "Dear child, you are now among friends, but the end is not yet." Then the light began to fade away, until the surroundings assumed their natural appearance, and Aunt Murphy was standing by the bed with a fan in her hand fanning my face. Her first words were, "Child, you must have been very tired. Come, now, and have some tea, after which you will feel better," for supper was just ready. I would have preferred to tell the good lady what I had seen and heard the few minutes I was lying on the bed, but again I refrained from doing so, from the fact that no one seemed to know anything about such things.

At the supper table I was introduced to the Rev. Mr. Murphy, whom I was afterwards permitted to call Uncle Murphy. Uncle Murphy was of Irish descent, a farmer by occupation, and a predestinarian Baptist preacher by profession, who taught his family and also from the pulpit that the Lord had ordained all things from the beginning; that our every word and action was laid out for us by the rules of the universe; consequently we need not give ourselves any concern about the future, either of this life or the next. Enjoy what was given us or sell to our lot, and let time pass away.

The next day I was shown the different apartments about the house, and also informed of the different kinds of work the family were carrying on, and told that if I was willing to make my home there until I got married (I was then in my seventeenth year) I should be considered by them as one of the family, and should share the house hold property equally with the two daughters. What else could I do but agree to the proposal and seal the bargain with a kiss on Aunt Murphy's lips, for I felt she truly meant every word she said, and would fulfill her promise to me provided I were a good girl.

Being thus installed in Uncle Murphy's family, I soon learned those useful arts I should have been taught when a child, such as spinning, weaving, baking, etc., but which father's slave women did for me, to my discredit, and I soon had the pleasure of hearing Aunt Murphy say, "Nirva," for I had told the family that I preferred to be called Nirva, the pet name my mother gave me, to being called Minerva, "would you like to spin the flannel, color the material, weave and make a dress for yourself?" I gladly accepted the offer, and in due time had a new dress to wear, all of my own make. This may seem a small matter in the estimation of some, but to me it was the beginning of a more independent and useful life. It seemed to place me more on a level with other people and gave me courage to strive for greater things.

Time moved on in its even course and the common routine of everyday duties came round and round. Uncle Murphy would preach the gospel every Sabbath day, and the gray world would be on exhibition on every proper occasion. The birds would so sweetly sing in the meadows, and the summer flowers yield their rich perfume without any special event to mark the peace of days. Yet Uncle Murphy had one son—a boy of fourteen named Jamie—who would often attract my attention. But just why my attention was thus attracted I could not tell. He was a boy of slender build, light hair and bright complexion, whose ways were so odd from others of his age, with a deep, far-off look; ever active, yet ever peaceful and bashful in the extreme; often anticipating the necessities of others as well as their pleasures. Kind to all animals; often rebuking his schoolmates for killing birds; was a peacemaker in all quarrels among the boys; taking the

lead in all amusements, or in useful work to be done, as far as he was able. Young as he was, he was often sent as overseer on his father's farm; always having the work well done. This boy attracted my attention far more than any other boy I had ever met; so much so that I would sometimes try not to notice that he was on the place. Had he been nearer my own age, I might more easily have solved the problem of attraction.

But time moved on and continued to crown our heads, Jamie's and mine, with more years. But prosperous and happy days for Uncle Murphy's family soon came to an end. For it was in the flourishing days of the mounted banking system that Uncle Murphy accumulated his greatest wealth, which wealth consisted mostly of bank notes of several state banks, held on deposit by the savings banks of the country. But because of various depressions in the commercial business of the country, these state banks became insolvent and their various promises to pay would bring but ten cents on the dollar. Nor did they ever regain their solvency. Hence a fortune was swept away in a day, as it were. But Uncle Murphy was a man not easily subdued by misfortune. He at once doubled his energies on the farm and sought to regain a portion of his former wealth by this means and through schemes of speculation. But farm produce would bring but little money in those days, while speculations failed in almost every instance. Then came those years of terrible sickness and death, so well remembered for many years after by the people of that part of the country. Two members of Uncle Murphy's family died during these years, while others were dangerously sick.

But while Uncle Murphy and his family were suffering from these failures and distresses, Jamie was as active as ever. The ever looking ahead, far-seeing boy had bought several books, and brought them home to his father, giving a description of the almost boundless territory and its resources known then as the Far West. He would read for hours in these books of the broad, rich prairies covered with luxuriant grasses; of the beautiful timber, not equalled anywhere else on earth; of the streams of pure water fed by springs flowing from the bosoms of the hills of mountains that rise so high they retched their snowy covering all the year round; of the great amount of food fishes to be found in these western streams; of the wild game of many kinds to be found both on the broad prairies and in the heavy forests; and of the cool breezes that blow inland from the ocean through all the summer months of the year, thus keeping the air pure and healthy.

Uncle Murphy was well pleased with the description of the country thus given; but partly on account of the largeness of his family, and partly on account of the danger while on the journey from wild Indians, he hesitated to say he would move his family there. But Jamie was enthusiastic for the journey. He wanted to see the boundless prairies, the broad, blue ocean, and the mountains, the summits of which were covered with perpetual snow. And I must confess, I was pleased with the descriptive beauties of the country. But Jamie's enthusiasm caused my heart to tremble and a feeling of weakness throughout my physical frame. Why it should do so I could not tell. I dreaded the idea of the family moving away; such move seemed to bode no good to the. Though Uncle Murphy had not yet fully made up his mind to move so far away, yet I somehow seemed to know that he would make the move. Then the question arose in my mind: Will they ask me to go with them? If they do can I go to that wilderness to live even with my friends? Or, if I stay, where shall I find a home here? Just then Jamie came by, and, seeing my sad look, inquired after my health.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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POLITICS AND LAWS.

The glorious Fourth ended as thousands of accidents, some very painful and serious, leaving life-time mementoes with both families and individuals. Gun powder was in most cases the cause of the trouble. Not so much that contained in the fire-cracker, as the loose powder, the extremely thoughtless use of which has been the cause of many painful accidents, and among the latter the loss of

Why will not these ever recurring
 ters serve us warnings against this fool-
 practice? Boys cannot be blamed so much
 as parents or adults in permitting
 Love is not always an indicator of
 dom, and parents should not allow
 mentary weakness to govern their

"One dollar—worth two" is the sign met with in the shop windows a-days, when the article really is worth 75 cents. But it attracts, and gullible people to spend their money thinking. It is a "sign of the times," however, and we need not be surprised to see more such tempters with each season. This will continue until we learn from experience, when a reward will follow with loss of customers by who were foremost in these dodges. Ho- esty is the best policy in the end, even keeps us poor; for in the future time guarded by his spiritual, and not by material wealth.

Benevolence is only due to him who enacts it—not when imposed on others, to be carried out. We may receive only praise for the suggestion, or for making the world believe we are the dispenser. But only so much goes to our spiritual credit as we deserve, the bulk often unwittingly taken up by the one we employ to do the hard work connected with it.

"The inhabitants of Mars might be informed of the general activity of Earth, might appoint their Columbus of Earth, while Earth's culture might progressively still be similar to that of America, before the discovery supports the European, without even America, had succeeded in causing sound there like that now produced by cable telegram, such a rattling as we have remained quite unintelligible to savages. They would not have recognized it as a sign of correspondence with remote inhabitants of the earth, but have taken it to be senseless, or a magic or a swindle, while the Europeans, by application of other forces to themselves understood, could not have complied with the demand from the outside for more rational signs of civilization."

So also would the quality of a message to us be not at all at the choice of the inhabitants of Mars, but would be dependent on their knowledge of nature and the existing relations of nature. Since they were at some time in a position to produce on our earth some very strange but yet quite inexplicable effects, the frequent repetition of it we should ourselves see anything but an intelligent communication, whose defective quality is first conditioned by the poverty of means. Our learned men would begin disputing the credibility of the report of a phenomenon, according to all laws impossible; they would next report talk of hallucinations, or take the case for a colossal swindle of a delusion. They would require that rational inhabitants of Mars should telephone across decided "good morning," and then we pronounce the actual correspondents signs irrational, instead of referring to the great limitation of the means of correspondence. Those who suppose the true state of the matter would be treated with smiles of superiority. In short, that would happen which has happened everywhere and always, the professed learned would do everything to suppress the new truth. "In the sciences also," said Goethe to Eckermann, "has been laid down and learnt at schools is regarded as property." Can we now one with something new opposed to or even threatening quite to subvert the Creed which we have for years repeated after others, and again handed on to others; persons are excited against him, he is treated as anything possible, he is insisted not to hear or not to understand, speaking of the thing contemptuously, not at all worth the trouble even to talk at and inquire into it; and so a new may be kept long waiting till it has made a path for itself. —Du Prel's Philosophy of Mysticism.

Amazed at the Remedial Power.

Blairstown, Iowa—Dear Doctor Doan:—We have neglected reporting the cure of our boy, by your remedies. He commenced to soon after taking the medicine and by the month was up he was completely cured. He would often say: "good doctor then you made me well." The people here are amazed, the other best physicians said he must die. Your doctor said to us that it was not an account of your being a Spiritualist that you cured him, it was the magnetic force and we told him we would like for him to perform such a cure. We will give him where he please to die. Some of our friends here, now want to see the doctor who performed such a wonderful cure. We are expressing our lasting gratitude to you for curing our little boy.

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Every mail brings letters with just praise of Dr. Dobson's marvelous cures of persons he never saw. Every mail carries to various parts of the country nearly every state in the Union, the most distant lands, these magnetic letters that restore health. They come from all parts of the world. The letters prove beyond doubt that Dr. Dobson is doing a vast deal of good, performing wonderful cures and relieving suffering by scores and hundreds. His household word in homes all over the land, and his praises sounded by those who never saw him, yet who have been saved by his simple yet powerful medicine. He must be a happy man, being able to contribute so much to the happiness of his fellow-man.—
Tri-Measuaketa, Iowa.

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CHARITY NO REMEDY.

The following is taken from a discourse delivered by the Rev. Hugh O. Pentecost, March 31, '89. We find the concluding portion of the discourse in the Rev. Hugh's Twentieth Century of April 6th. Says he:

"About a month ago a neighbor of mine, though a stranger to me, lost his situation and wandered up into Connecticut in search of work. Before he found a job his money gave out and he asked a woman for a cup of coffee. That was a crime in Connecticut. The woman, instead of giving him the coffee, called a constable who lived next door, and had him arrested. The judge sentenced him to prison for thirty days—the lightest sentence that can be inflicted for the crime of being poor in that State. A genuine, chronic tramp would have been incarcerated for a year. When the man had served out part of his sentence he escaped and returned to his home in Harrison, N. J. There, upon information from the Connecticut authorities, he was arrested and held until an officer of the law came and took him back to Connecticut, where he languished until a day or two ago, when he was released upon the payment of the cost of his original arrest, capture and return to prison.

Remember, this man's only crime was that he had asked for a cup of coffee. If I lived in Connecticut and wanted to light a cigar I should be afraid to ask any one for a match. That is, I would be afraid to do so if I were poorly dressed; for, you understand, nobody is punished for begging unless he needs what he asks for. There are thousands of Connecticut women who would refuse to take anything for a cup of coffee from a well-dressed traveller. To charge a well-to-do stranger for a cup of coffee would be a breach of hospitality. You can ask for what you like if you do not need it. But if you are hungry and half-naked and ask for food or clothes it is a crime. You may beg for a church fair or for contributions toward paying the expenses of a political campaign, or for an office after election; you may beg for anything but food and clothing.

Oh I know what you are thinking. You are thinking that to imprison a man for thirty days, leaving his wife and children in want, because he asked a neighbor for a cup of coffee that he was too poor to buy, is an outrage upon all that is fair and right of such magnitude that if we only realized it the atmosphere would be tinged with the reflection of our shame-crimsed cheeks. I know that the blood boils in your veins when you think that Connecticut and other prisons contain men and women guilty of no crime but poverty. If you are like me you cannot possibly have any respect for such law and such government. I should consider myself a traitor to my race if I could be loyal to a government that would imprison a man for asking a neighbor for a cup of coffee. And I know that some of you feel just as I do about it. But it is only fair to the honorable gentlemen who made such laws to remember that under the circumstances they cannot help themselves.

Our civilization fills the streets with beggars and the country roads with tramps. When these poor men remain poor until their poverty becomes chronic they not only become parasites, but some of them become very dangerous men. Poverty is not a crime but the connection between poverty and crime as cause and effect is very close. And when you consider how many tramps there used to be in Connecticut and how dangerous to farmers' wives and female pedestrians on lonely roads they became, you must see that there was some justification for the laws by which Connecticut has tried to drive all dangerous classes into other states.

The Connecticut law is an abomination, but under the circumstances it is necessary. Our industrial system deprives people of the opportunity to labor by monopolizing land and then punish them for being idle. It prevents them from working to earn their living and then punish them for begging. It actually forces them to the alter native of living without eating or dying by accident, because we are forbidden by law to commit suicide. The law prevents the poor man from working, from begging or from dying. There is only one thing left for him to do. He may steal. To be sure he will be imprisoned for that, unless he steals a great deal, but a penitentiary is cleaner, better ventilated, cooler in summer, warmer in winter and provided with better beds, better food and more humane attendants than the average poorhouse. And besides there is a certain flavor of romantic sentiment about a thief or murderer which does not attach to a pauper. The most successful career open to any man to-day is to become a legal thief. After that, supposing he finds difficulty in getting honest work or becoming a politician, he will conserve his own interest best by becoming an illegal thief.

A man was arrested in New York a short time ago for begging and brought before one of our city judges. The judge asked him why he begged. The man told him he came from the west a week or two before but had failed to find work and his money was exhausted. "That is no reason why he should beg," said the judge, and forthwith sentenced him to Blackwell's island. O, sapient judge! What, in heaven's name, was the man to do? We can only live by working, begging or stealing. Did the judge mean that he should steal?

Now, this is the state of things that has called into being the charity organization society. This society is for the purpose of educating people not to give to him that asketh of them. It assures us that indi-

criminate charity is injurious to all parties concerned. It would have us not even give a crust of bread to anyone at the door of our homes or a penny to anyone in the street. It would have us take the names of all beggars and send them to the central bureau where there are thousands of such names. It would have us send the applicant for charity to the central bureau for the purpose of being investigated.

The desire of the society is that we should give nothing to beggars, but that we should send them and their names to the central bureau. The society gives nothing. It investigates the "case"—in a workshop a human becomes a "hand"—in the charity organization society he becomes a "case"—and if the applicant is found "worthy," that is, if he does not drink and is not otherwise extravagant, and if his character is generally good; if he has always been a faithful workman, kind and gentle (as they say of a horse), docile and respectful to his betters; if he is poor through some fault which cannot be possibly traced to himself, the society declares that he is a proper subject for relief to be given under the guidance and direction of the society.

It is quite possible that the "case" may die of starvation while the investigation is going on. But that is not the fault of the society. It is because the pauper has nothing to eat. If he does die the "case" is very happily and satisfactorily settled, because there is no law against starvation if the dead man can prove that he did not starve himself with suicidal intent.

To prevent misunderstanding let me say that I do not mean to either traduce or ridicule the charity organization society. I believe it was projected and is conducted by men and women who think they are doing both God and men good service. I honor the intention and sincerity of these men and women but I think I can show you before I get through with the subject that the charity organization society is the same kind of a disgrace to civilization that a mission chapel, a poor house or a prison is. You can make a prison as architecturally beautiful and as sanitariously perfect and as administratively humane as you like, but it is still a prison—whether good or bad—it is a social disgrace. And so too, no matter how sincere or benevolent the persons are who manage the affairs of the charity organization society it is a disgrace to society that poverty has necessarily assumed such proportions that begging has become a trade that needs regulating; that pauperism has become a menace to society that must be suppressed.

Oh Christian charity, thou art but a virtue in name.

Written for The Better Way.
Opening Song for the Spiritualist State Meeting.

Written by Mrs. E. P. Thorndyke—Air, Marching Through Georgia.

Bring your aspirations, friends;
We'll sing another song,
With a ringing chorus that
Will move the world along;
Sing it as the angels sang it, forty years ago,
While we were thronging to Hydesville.

CHORUS.
Hurrab! hurrab! we'll bring the jubilee!
Hurrab! the truth will make us free!
So we sing the chorus from the mountains to the sea,
While we were thronging to Hydesville.

"Philosophy and science will
Never lead the way";
So old superstition said,
And heeded well what we say;
They strove to block our progress
With error old and gray,
While we were thronging to Hydesville.

CHORUS.
Then bring your aspirations, friends,
We'll sing a grander song,
Commensurate with the glowing years
That move our cause along,
Sing it as the angels sang it, forty years ago,
While we were thronging to Hydesville.

CHORUS.
Hurrab! hurrab! we'll bring the jubilee!
Hurrab! the truth will make us free!
So we sing the chorus from the mountains to the sea,
As when we were thronging to Hydesville.

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Written for The Better Way.

She Sees Her Darling There.
LEONA FERNES.

Given Through the Mediumship of Mrs. E. J. Whitney.

There is a bitter silent weeping
In many a darkened room;
Where the heart once light and joyous
Now throbs in rayless gloom.
Beside of many a cradle
A grieving mother kneels,
And through the somber silence
The sound of sobbing steals.

Her heart is pulsing slowly
While her tears are falling fast,
And her grief is of the present
While her heart is in the past,
Here's a tiny vacant garment;
Here's a lock of golden hair;
Here's the bed where baby slumbered.
But the baby is not there.

Then she thinks in days of gladness,
When his pretty nestling kiss,
Thrilled her very soul with rapture,
Then she knew no other bliss.
Then her memory it wanders;
Wanders back into the scene,
In the dark and silent chamber
Then she thinks what might have been.

What a joy of holy rapture,
Instead of wild despair,
Could she once more see her darling,
In his little cradle there;
There in hotter streams the tear drops,
Down upon the pillow flow;
And her very soul seems melting
In an agony of woe.

But the storm of tears is over;
And the fitful sobbing ceases;
And o'er the mothers features,
Shines a holy light of peace.
Her eyes are lifted upwards,
Her pale lips smile in prayer,
For as in vision pictures
She sees her darling there.

THOSE BASIC PRINCIPLES.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

Observing the editorial in the June 1st number of THE BETTER WAY on Basic Principles, to my own mind privately it does not grasp the case. With a large and voluminous correspondence, I can but give a few hurried thoughts, which must not be taken in any sense personal.

1st. Your writer places Basic Principles of Spiritualism (Immortality, Inspiration, Introspection,) not so. This is just where it is found to-day, living and resting on the externals, the changeable, the objective, the surface. This is simply intellectual culture and human reason, all of which cannot transcend its own source, being simply acts of memory or inspiration from either the higher or lower impulses. Such for basic principles run the man into ignorance and noise, which are imbecility; running into personalities, which is simply the passing weakness of the objective man made manifest, and the light which is within the man becomes darkness. Hence the chaos we find Spiritualism to-day.

2nd. True Spiritualism is not found in the externals or introspection or any looking into through the objective; but is a full conception of truth and soul force through and by the spirit of the inmost of the man. Here only and here alone can man understand truth and spirit or beget spirit power, for here alone does he become one with universal mind, in union with the divine celestial harmonies, which is universal law. Whenever the soul of the inner man feels itself, it feels everlasting life. Here is the true man which is born of the image of God. Here alone is to be found the true birth; the truth of Spiritualism, the true light of involution and evolution; anything else is simply cultured sophism and theories ending in narrow-minded folly, finally running into selfishness, unrest, madness, intolerance and death.

The true life and true Spiritualism is far above matter or human reason, and is universal. The soul is the inmost of the man, and is alone the true man; so is the soul sight the inmost of intuition which only can give man the naked truth or knowledge of understanding. Here is the soul comprehension of things and not the external comprehension of things.

True Spiritualism being the full illuminated light of truth, and the powers of all spiritual power is the inmost knowledge of soul force. But I must not weary you. Why must our people continue to be as crows, buzzards, hawks, ever looking downward towards the objective curiosity, appetite and external desire? I know the eagle can alone raise the eagle toward the sun, but can we not at least endeavor to point our people upward towards the universal sunlight of love, spirit and the word which is light, all of which come in and by the inmost?

Love in its truest sense is universal and unselfish, including tenderness, kindness, charity and affection towards everything that exists, and the higher and truer impulse of the human heart is self-abnegation, a self-devoted and heroic high-mindedness for the universal good of all men. Love-light, spirit-truth, a devotion incorruptible. Some place, some time, some day, there will be people, companies and advanced newspapers who will present the full sunlight of spirit understanding and truth.

A PARABLE.

A man was in the habit of going to the mill with a bag across his horse's back with the grist in one end of the bag and a large stone to balance the grist in the other side. One day his careless boy, forgetting to put in the stone, accidentally grasped the bag up with the grist evenly divided, and calling his father to behold that not any stone was required; and, as the story goes, was severely reprimanded.

The simplicity of truth and spirit will some day be presented in all its purity like unto this parable. True Spiritualism to me is the holier loves within the souls of men, watered by wisdom and lighted by truth or love in its higher sense. United with right through right speech and right action, wrapped in the brightness of eternal good and the higher impulses of each human heart, which weave the web of future circumstance, and man's unlimited possibilities of the real, which all must grow from within and not in the outer or externals of things. Fraternally,

Boston, Mass.

Boston, Mass.

Boston, Mass.

Boston, Mass.

Boston, Mass.

Boston, Mass.

That Wonderful Story.

BY MINERVA.
FANTOM.

Last Sunday we heard of the big preacher,
An orthodox preacher was he;
He preached as a doctrinal sermon
Which startled such sinners as we.
He told us about Father Adam,
And about Mother Eve;
All about that old serpent
That came to beguile and deceive.
And while the good preacher was preaching
The bones in my body did quake
To think that the Belle of fair Eden
Would sit down and talk with a snake!
O, wonderful, wonderful story!
I wonder how long it did take
For Satan to compass our ruin
By the aid of that wonderful snake!
O, why didn't old Father Adam
Come out with his gun and his knife
And boldly defend the fair creature
That soon was to be his good wife!
With even a spade or a shovel,
He could the vile monster have slain.
And saved the defeat of Jehovah,
And the race of sorrow and pain!
But the strongest part of this story,
Minerva, in sorrow doth tell:
"All mortals who cannot believe it
Must suffer forever in hell!"

PART TWO.
Now listen how God, the Almighty,
When Satan the victory had won,
Determined the fate of poor Jesus
His only begotten, dear son.
It seems that the wrath of the Father,
When he learned what the Devil had done
Could only be silenced by shedding—
The blood of his innocent Son!
Then went the decree forth from heaven,
Proclaimed by Jehovah, Most High,
"My innocent Son not the Devil,
Nor either the serpent, shall die!"
Then quickly to earth on his Mission,
Fulfilling the will of his God, I
He laid down his life for the people,
And poured out his most precious blood!
And thus was the wrath of Jehovah,
According to heavenly decree,
All turned upon the innocent Jesus—
The Snake and the Devil go free!
Incredible pitiful story!
It saddens this poet's poor heart—
O, why didn't God slay the devil
And clean up the snakes at the start!
But harken! and hear the conclusion,
For none would the preacher deceive,
"All mortals are booked for damnation
Who cannot this story believe!"

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SUMMERLAND,

—THE NEW—
Spiritualist Colony

—OF THE—
PACIFIC COAST

LOCATED 5 MILES BELOW THE
CITY OF SANTA BARBARA.

—IN THE—
MOST DELIGHTFUL COUNTRY

—AND—
CLIMATE ON THE GLOBE.

TWELVE HUNDRED LOTS SOLD AND
BUILDING COMMENCED.

It has long been the desire of many Spiritualists that a Spiritualist colony, or place of pleasure and educational resort, might be located at some convenient point on the Pacific Coast—a place where the Spiritualists of the world could meet and establish permanent homes, and enjoy all the advantages, not only of our glorious climate, but of the social and spiritual communion that such association of Spiritualists would insure.

Summerland offers all the advantages for such a colony, located as it is upon the sea shore, in the unequalled climate of Santa Barbara, and but five miles from that most beautiful city—a spot where the sun ever shines, overlooking the ocean, extending even to its silver shores, with a background of mountains, which form a shelter from the north winds, insuring what that country has the reputation of enjoying—the most equitable climate in the world. It is situated on the Southern Pacific Railroad, now completed between Santa Barbara and Los Angeles, and what in the near future will be the main line of that road to San Francisco and the East.

The site constitutes a part of what is known as the Ortega Ranch, owned by the undersigned. It faces the Indian and ocean, gently sloping to the latter, where as fine bathing ground exists as can be found anywhere. A fine beach drive extends to and beyond the city of Santa Barbara, back and two and a half miles to the north extends the Santa Inez range of mountains, forming a beautiful and picturesque background. A most beautiful view of the mountains, hills, ocean, and along the coast is had from all parts of the site. The soil is of the very best.

The size of single lots is 25x100 feet, or 25x120 feet, a double lot, the latter fronting on a fine wide avenue, with a narrow street in the rear. Price of single lot \$30-\$250 of which is donated to the colony. By uniting for lots, price \$120—a frontage of 60 feet by 120 feet deep is obtained, giving one a very commodious building site, with quite ample grounds for flowers and securing front and rear entrance.

Although projected but for four months three fine houses are already built, three more under contract; four families of eleven persons are residing on the site, and many others coming, and the object of the colony is to advance the cause of Spiritualism and not to make money selling lots, as the lots received do not equal the price of the land (not so good) has sold for by the acre. The government of the Colony will be by its inhabitants, the same as other towns and cities. A prohibitory liquor clause is in every deed. Title to property unquestionable.

Orders for lots in Summerland will be received, entered and selected by the undersigned, where parties cannot be present to select for themselves, with the privilege of exchanging for others, without cost (other than recording fee), if they prefer them when they visit the ground.

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EXAGGERATION AND ITS EFFECTS

The amount of exaggeration that is to be found in the newspapers of the day of every party, and of every religious sect, is absolutely appalling to the honest mind. If a speaker or writer favors a moderate reduction of the tariff on some article of necessity, or favors the putting of some other article on the free list, he is at once charged with favoring absolute free trade. If another speaker or writer favors putting a tariff on certain articles for the avowed purpose of fostering home industries, he is charged with wishing to tax the necessities of life, somehow to the great detriment of the laboring poor and for the great advantage of the lazy rich. If a man who never uses intoxicating drinks, and who favors the enactment of such state and municipal laws as shall restrict the sale of liquors and ultimately close the doors of the saloons, but does not see his way clear to leave his old party and join the national prohibition party, he is at once denounced by prohibition leaders and writers as belonging to the saloon party—as really favoring those whose business it is to make drunkards and paupers. And if this same man attempts any opposition to the saloon traffic, either by moral suasion or otherwise, he is denounced by the saloon spokesmen as one who favors the enactment of laws prescribing what men shall eat and drink. He is never spoken of by them as one who wishes to suppress a nuisance which works evil and only evil continually, but as one whose sole aim is to deprive men of their "personal liberty." If a man professing to be a Christian, and yet does not subscribe to the mystery of three persons in one Godhead, tells in a sermon or printed speech that he is heterodox to that extent—or, in other words, if he is a Unitarian—straightway the orthodox clergy pounce on him like a hawk on its prey, and denounce him through their printed organs as one having no claim to be a follower of the Nazarene, but as really belonging to the school of Hume, and Ingalls. And if this same Unitarian attempts to combat the peculiar views of secularists and Atheists, the chances are he shall find him stigmatized as a "hiring priest," and a believer in predestination, foreordination, infant damnation, and all the horrid dogmas originating in a dark age, and which a genuine Christianity long since eliminated from its creeds.

And so it goes from the self-constituted mouth-pieces of sects and parties. If we could believe one-half of all they speak and write we would be forced to the conclusion that such virtues as honor and integrity have no place among the active workers in political and religious matters. Our young people are being educated into the belief that all is sham and hypocrisy in the world's great strife. The "wind jammers," who have a mission to reform everything but themselves, repeat this on every stump and at every corner, where they can obtain a listener. A more pernicious teaching never emanated from a corrupt human heart. To lose faith in humanity is next to losing faith in God. And these men who teach that humanity in the aggregate is only the negation of everything that is good, stand squarely in one of two positions: they measure men in general after the pattern of their own corrupt natures, or they are of the Pharisaic tribe who vainly imagine that they embody all there is of goodness, and that when they leave this world all virtue and high-toned honor will go with them. Such characters are to be met with in both sexes; and to envy them in their own chosen position is to lower one's own manhood.

We do not forget here that there are vices in society to be eradicated; that we have unequal laws that ought to be eliminated from our statute books; that oppression exists where only charity should prevail; that many are honestly toiling in grinding poverty and feel no security that the wolf will not enter their doors on the morrow; and that thousands more are living in rage and squalor because of their passion for strong drink and their utter hatred of that labor that would furnish them bread by the sweat of their brows. And these last mentioned characters let us say parenthetically, are the loudest in their denunciations of those who take a leading interest in politics, in religion, in the advancement of commercial enterprises, in public improvements by the government, in the founding of colleges and seminaries of learning—in every improvement, in short, that involves an outlay of money. In all such enterprises they see a scheme to make the rich richer and the poor poorer. Overlooking their own self-degradation, they lay all their woes at the doors of those who would take them by the hand and lead them out of their bondage would they but follow. Demagogues have told them that the party in power, or the one striving to gain power, has oppressed, or will oppress them; and this, coupled with that propensity in the human heart to look outwardly instead of inwardly for the cause of its woes, leads them to use a scripture phrase, "to be lieve a lie, that they may be damned"—in this world at least.

But we were admitting that vice, and crime, and oppression exist, and that there is a necessity for men to cry aloud and spare not the oppressor. To

deny this would be as absurd as to deny that we have fogs and vapors here in the Willamette valley. We cannot run our eyes over the columns of a daily paper, no matter from what section it comes, without meeting with these details of wrong and outrage. In one place it is a murder—in another a robbery—in another a dishonest bank defalcation—and so on down to the lesser crimes. But in reading these sickening details we are apt to forget that these crimes are committed by a few, and that the vast majority of the people—that they stand as only one to a thousand—perhaps ten thousand—of the great whole who do not commit crimes. The reporters of our daily papers are employed to search out and give the details of burglaries, thefts, domestic violence, drunken revelries, slugging matches, etc. They have to keep the business, and the keener the scent, and the louder they bay on the track, the bigger the bone that is thrown into their kennels. But over against every one of these acts of violence and outrage stand a thousand acts of unostentatious charity. Go into any one of our cities, make a detective of yourself—not in the criminal, but the peace record,—and if you understand your business, you shall find where one man or one woman is oppressing the poor, a dozen other men and women are quietly administering to the sick, sending to the poor a loaf of bread, a joint of meat, and better than all, adding to these that love and sympathy which binds heart to heart in the days of misfortune and bereavement, and makes life worth living. And though your keen eyes may be unable to search out the fact, yet it remains a fact that men of means, often accounted hard and close-fisted are daily giving of their substance to their needy neighbors. They cannot assist all—they have a choice as to who shall be recipients of their beneficence—they do not wish to be annoyed with importunities for subscriptions to every benevolent object that is presented to them, and so they appear to the world as close and sordid, while in reality their wives, or their ministers, or other trusted friends are their secret almoners to the extent of hundreds, and with many in the great cities to the extent of thousands yearly. The writer in the experience of a long life, knows that many such cases have existed. And it is not all confined to large towns and cities. It was a Scotch poet who wrote:

"The dew came down unseen at evening
And silently their bonnets shed to teach
Mankind unostentatious charity."

And every rural district bears witness that men have learned the lesson, and put it in practice. Why, then are our papers filled with the details of these things? Simply for the same reason that during the winter season they do not tell that it rained on this coast yesterday morning, or that last night, or in the summer season that the sun shone warm and bright from day to day, and ripened the golden harvest for man's sustenance. It is in the general order of nature that such things should be, and so accustomed are we to them that we take no note of them as a matter to be repeated from day to day. But let our good mother Nature reverse the one season the general order. Let the rains, with the enriching qualities they bring from the atmosphere and the great salt Pacific, cease to descend upon our soil; and let a sharp frost blacken our fields of grain, when they are nearly ripe for their gathering, and before the dawning of the morning's sun the fact will be known to the remotest corner of the earth. To a superficial observer the agents of the so-called press would seem to be glad over the calamity in their zeal to be the first to herald it to the world.

The earth is not being destroyed, nor is there a decay of its bountiful harvests. It has grown and kept pace with man's growth from the time man became a tiller of the soil. Primeval forests have been cut away—briers and thorns have been eradicated, and in their stead have grown the thousand blessings which man to day enjoys. And this is a never ending process. Could we look through the vista of years we might perhaps see that the revivifying and growth of the physical world by man working in harmony with Nature's laws, is but just begun. But how can this be, we know. It is the result of the work—*blissed work*—without which man is outwardly no better than the beast of the forest.

And as we turn our eyes upon humanity, and gaze into the depths of our being, we know that we are the creatures of growth; that every revolving year carries man higher in the scale of being. There is more that is lovely, more of charity, more of all that blesses humanity, in the world this year than in the last. If we could not see and feel that this is so, we might well lose faith in ourselves, faith in humanity, and faith in God.

The conclusion of the whole matter is, that of our would-be reformers greatly exaggerate when they draw the line of morality between the rich and the poor, or seek to create the impression that we are all going to the bad except their own precious selves, because of the inequalities that exist in the make-up of human society. We do not say they intend to teach exactly this; but such is the tendency of their contention when tested in the crucible of truth. It does not follow that a man is a villain or an oppressor, because he is a banker, a lawyer, a large owner of railroad and mining stocks, a member of congress, a professor in a college, or a popular minister of the gospel, any more than it follows that the farmer, mechanic, or wage-worker is necessarily honest because of his particular calling in life. True, some callings, it may be, present more temptations to crookedness than others; but if we search into the causes of vice, we shall find that a man's occupation has very little to do with his wanderings from the path of rectitude. And when men stand forth and proclaim, as we have often heard them, that society is all corrupt—that its whole structure needs to be turned upside down and inside out,—and that a man is not to be trusted because he pursues a certain legitimate branch of business,—such men so teaching, lie against their brethren—lie against their own souls, and against the God who gave them the being they have so grossly perverted from its true mission.

Oregon City, Oregon.

The Religion of Buddha.

Buddhism is a subject which must continue for a long time to present the student with a boundless field of investigation. No one can bring a proper capacity of mind to such a study, much less write about it clearly, who has not studied the original documents both in Pali and Sanskrit, after a long course of preparation in the study of Vedic, Brahminism, and Hinduism. It is a system which resembles these other forms of Indian religious thought in the great variety of its aspects.

Starting from a very simple proposition, which can only be described as an exaggerated truism—the truism, I mean, that all life involves sorrow, and that all sorrow results from indulging desires which ought to be suppressed—it has branched out into a vast number of complicated and self-contradictory propositions and allegations. Its teaching has become both negative and positive, Gnostic and Agnostic.

It passes from apparent atheism and materialism, polytheism and Spiritualism. It is under one aspect, mere pessimism; under another, pure philanthropy; under another, monastic communism; under another, high morality; under another, a variety of materialistic philosophy; under another, simple demology; under another, a mere farrago of superstitions, including necromancy, witchcraft, idolatry, and fetishism. In some form or other it may be held with almost any religion, and embraces something from almost every creed. It is founded on philosophical Brahminism, has much in common with Sankhya and Vedanta ideas, is connected with Vaishnavism, and in some of its phases with both Saivism and Saktism, and yet is, properly speaking, opposed to every one of these systems.

It has in its moral code much common ground with Christianity, and in its mediæval and modern developments, presents examples of forms, ceremonies, litany, monastic communities and hierarchical organizations, scarcely distinguishable from those of Roman Catholicism; and yet a greater contrast than that presented by the essential doctrines of Buddhism and of Christianity can scarcely be imagined. Strangest of all, Buddhism—with no God higher than the perfect man—has no pretensions to be called a religion in the true sense of the word, and it is wholly destitute of the vivifying forces necessary to give vitality to the dry bones of its own morality; and yet once existed as a real power over at least one-third of the human race, and even at the present moment claims a vast number of adherents in Europe and America.—Hall's Journal of Health.

Written for The Better Way.

LIFE'S PURPOSES.

Life's purposes are manifold, though little understood by the masses. The idea that appears to prevail among the majority of people is this: that earth life was intended to be wholly employed in looking after and supplying the needs of the body, and in pursuing the pleasures of earth. Their time must be entirely occupied with the requirements of their material bodies, that it may be well fed, comfortably attired and have a place wherein it can be sheltered from the elements. The rest go even further than this; they must lavish wealth upon it; must robe it in splendid garments; must build costly homes where it may dwell, surrounded by grandeur and luxury, living as though the body was king and ruler, and not the spirit that dwells within it. While it is right and proper to take thought of the needs of the body as far as is necessary to keep it in harmony with the laws of health, which should be the one thing considered always, that it may remain on earth until the spirit has fulfilled its earth mission, that is not the total of life's purposes. While it is an important part it is not the whole. The body is merely the dwelling place of the spirit. The spirit was sent to earth for a purpose. Has that purpose only the care of the body? has it no higher mission? I think it has.

The spirit came for a needed experience; if it does not succeed in gaining that experience, its coming was a failure; it goes back to spirit life ignorant of that for which it came, and must make another pilgrimage into matter to accomplish the task that it failed to do when it had the opportunity. The spirit felt the need of earth experience and education, else it had not come to earth. Oh, that the careless and indifferent would remember the needs and requirements of the spirit and labor as earnestly for its unfoldment as they would to grasp the riches and fleeting pleasures of earth, that they may gain that wealth of soul that will be of lasting benefit to them when they return to spirit life.

We come not here to spend the time in selfish ease and pleasure, but to work for the good of others and bless the world by our labors for humanity. Not for self alone must we work or heap up earth's glittering store, but rather gather unto ourselves the treasure that perishes not, but shall be unto our souls as golden sheaves when we return from our wanderings upon the shores of time.

MRS. W. H. CHURCHILL.

Omaha Belle—Ma, I really do believe that George is getting ready to propose. Omaha Mamma—What inspires that hope? Omaha Belle—Well, last night he asked me if pa is doing well in business, and when I told him that pa is getting rich he put his arms around me and called me his sweet star and his golden hope.—Omaha Belle.

The bee hive is the poorest thing in the world to fall back on. If time enemy wrong them, buy each of his children a drum.

An English clergyman thus describes his chapel: "It is in the Ionic style. Over the portico is a tower; over that a cupola and on the top of all is a mortgage."

We Give It Up.

It is not my purpose to intrude spiritualistic facts into the columns of a Free-thought paper, but your explanation of the Fred Evans slate writing prompts me to say a word for the writing occurring in the presence of Dr. Stansbury, who is now in the city.

I called on the doctor and his pleasant lady last Monday, and engaged a sitting for the next morning. We were unknown to each other. I had seen them at an evening reception over a year ago, but they did not remember me, and I would not have recognized them. The doctor did not know the names of my former friends.

When washing the slates, which process I watched critically, he asked if I desired to write the names of the friends with whom I wished to communicate. This I declined, saying I would be glad to hear from any one who desired to write for me. Then he put some small pieces of pencil between two slates. He held them by one end, and I the other, above the table. In a few seconds I could hear the scratching of a pencil and feel the slate vibrating in my hand; but I held my grip firmly, looking at the doctor all the while. In fact, we were talking as unconcerned as though nothing was going on.

In a few minutes the writing ceased. Then I opened the slates and found six messages, written with different colored pencils, and five faces sketched with pencils. To these messages were appended the names of three of my dearest friends, one being my daughter, another her father, my former husband, neither of whom was known by any one in California. How did Dr. Stansbury get those names? The other messages were of matters of which the doctor knew nothing, pertaining to my business.

Then his telegraphy was equally remarkable. The key board of his instrument was inclosed in a box, on the lids of which he holds his hands when the message is being "ticked out" by the machine. Not understanding telegraphy, I could not translate the sounds; but the first message was from my nephew, a telegraph operator who had been accidentally killed in St. Louis eight years ago. "Your nephew was named George Hunt," the doctor said, as soon as the sounding ceased. Then George gave, or purported to give, me messages from seven other friends, which were very satisfactory. Dr. Stansbury now finds him to be a superior operator, and so he was. How did Dr. Stansbury know it? I had never mentioned his name to a living person in California. This slate and these messages I have in my possession. But no one need take my word for it. Let them apply to Dr. Stansbury and test the matter themselves, if they so desire. If not there is no offense. Being a radical Liberal, I believe in freedom before anything. Yours for scientific truth.—Mary A. White, in San Francisco Free Thought.

Should Take a Course of Reading.

The prosperity of our country has rested pre-eminently on the absolute separation of church and state, and our founders and most distinguished jurists and statesmen have been in error. General Grant's most emphatic advice was: "Keep the church and state forever separate." Franklin urged that a good church could safely be left to its members and God; and if they do not care for it they might as well perish. Washington told those who complained that religion had been left out of the constitution, that it was because religion belonged to the churches and not to the state. A course of reading in the works of John Adams and Benjamin Franklin, and Thomas Jefferson, would be valuable for those who desire to get their religious views incorporated as national laws.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

Nature's law knows no great or small; it rounds a Jupiter in space as easily as it rounds the tear-drop that falls from the eye of grief. It also determines the orbit of man and planet with equal precision and skill.—Vindex.

EDGE MOOR, DEL., April 5, '99.

Dear Sir:—Enclosed find 50 cents for another package of your magnetised compound. I find it just the thing for my eyes, and do not wish to be without it.

I remain yours truly,

MRS. E. S. ADAIR.

HAILY, IDAHO, March 25, '99.

Dear Sir:—Your magnetised spectacles were delivered to perfection. They fitted my eyes from the start, and they are much improved by the use of them. Yours truly,

E. E. RICHARDS.

GRAND

Complimentary

PICNIC

OF THE

CINCINNATI

SOCIETY UNION SPIRITUALISTS,

SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1899.

At Mount Lookout Park.

REFRESHMENTS ON THE GROUNDS

Procure your admission tickets from

I. S. McCracken, Northwest cor. Fifth

and Walnut Street, or at this office.

SOLDIERS All get pensions, if a "dis-

abled" Officer's travel pass, money collected. Despatch

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Spirit Photographer,

PEORIA, ILLS.

1014 North Monroe Street.

Portraits taken from a Photograph or Lock

of Hair. Send \$2.00, Photo and five 2-cent

Stamps.

MOVEMENTS OF MEDIUMS.

(All announcements and notices under this head must be received at this office by Monday to insure insertion in the same week.)

Dr. F. L. H. White is now residing at Glenora, Yates Co., N. Y.

J. H. Randall will answer calls to lectures on Spiritualism. Address, 228 Monroe street, Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. M. E. Aldrich, inspirational speaker, may be addressed 55 West Exchange street, Paul, Minn.

Mrs. T. J. Lewis, speaker and test medium, 26 Harrison Ave., Boston, will answer calls in the Eastern States.

F. N. Foster, the spirit artist, is now located at Peoria, Ill., and ready to take pictures from photographs, etc.

Dr. Rothermel may be addressed at his residence, 384 Clinton place, Brooklyn, N. Y., for consultation or engagements.

H. R. Wardell, psychometric reader, clairvoyant and test medium. Address, 28 Eleventh street, Louisville, Ky.

Mrs. Fannie Ogden, 818 Main street, Peoria, Ill., Trance, Test and Psychometric reader. Can be engaged for the season of \$8 and 50.

Judge Featherstone is ready to answer calls to lecture. Terms moderate; correspondence solicited. Address for the present Henrietta, Tex.

Miss Josephine Webster, Trance and Platform Test medium, will answer calls for the fall and winter months, 59 Park street, Chelsea, Mass.

Dr. Delavan De Voe, the renowned automatic slate writer and magnetic healer, is now located at 28 W. Fourteenth street, St. Louis, Mo.

Miss Jennie B. Hagan will make engagements for fall and winter week evenings for 12 sittings. Address 52 Irving street, Framingham, Mass.

Mrs. M. E. Williams, of New York city, will lecture during the summer months. Arrangements made by addressing her at 252 West Forty-sixth street.

Mrs. Mary C. Knight will be pleased to correspond with societies wishing to engage her services as a lecturer and test medium. Address Fallon, Oswego Co., N. Y.

Mr. John Wm. Fletcher lectures in Saratoga, N. Y., September, October and November. Address 614 Third street, Boston, Mass.

Miss Lezelle D. Bailey, trance lecturer and psychometric reader, is open for engagements. Reasonable terms. Address, Mrs. McAbey, 721 Twelfth st., Louisville, Ky.

Mrs. Sophronia E. Warner-Bishop may be engaged for the season of 1899 and 1900 by addressing her at 105 East Fourth st., North Minneapolis, Minn., or in care of H. W. Warner, care of The Better Way.

Dr. M. King will respond to call for lectures and psychometric readings, attend funerals and form new societies in Ohio, and give sittings for camp meeting engagements. Address box 45, Mantua Station, O.

Frank T. Ripley, the platform lecturer and test medium, can be engaged for grove and camp meetings for June, July and August, and may be addressed by him care of House of Light.

Mr. Harrison D. Barrett of Meadville, Pa., is specially recommended to us as an inspirational speaker of unusual promise. He is ready to fill engagements upon the Spiritualist platform, and would be pleased to correspond with societies with a view to engagements.

Dr. James A. Bliss, the developing medium, on and after May 7th, by special engagement, will give private sittings in Detroit, Mich. Engagement book now ready for names, and can be found at 18 Park place, Detroit, Mich.

Dr. J. E. Nickless, spiritual healer, is meeting with great success in San Francisco, Cal., practicing his gift of healing. The doctor's cordial and genial manner and the wonderful cures performed has made for him a host of friends. His office is at 108 McAllister street.

Cassadaga Free Lake Association.

THE SPIRITUALISTS

Of Western New York, Western Pennsylvania and Eastern Ohio, will hold their

TENTH ANNUAL MEETING

On their Grounds at

CASSADAGA LAKE,

CHAUTAQUA CO., N. Y.

From July 26th to September 1st, 1899.

HOW TO GET TO CASSADAGA.

Passengers over the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railway, Nickel Plate Railway, New York, Ontario and Philadelphia Railway, and Western Division of the New York, Lake Erie and Western Railway, will leave at Dunkirk, N. Y., and take the Dunkirk, Allegany Valley and Pittsburgh Railway to Lily Dale Station.

Passengers over the "Erie" system, including the New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio Railroad and the Buffalo and Southwestern Railway, change cars at Falconer Crossings, three miles east of Jamestown, N. Y., and take the Dunkirk, Allegany Valley and Pittsburgh Railway for Lily Dale Station.

Inquire of railroad ticket agents for excursion rates for Lily Dale Station.

PROGRAM.

July 26, Friday, Walter Howell, London, Eng.

July 27, Saturday, Mrs. R. S. Little, Boston, Mass.

July 28, Sunday, Walter Mowell and Mrs. R. S. Little.

July 29, Monday, Conference.

July 30, Tuesday, Lyman C. Howe, Fredonia, Wis.

August 1, Wednesday, Mrs. R. S. Little.

August 2, Thursday, Lyman C. Howe.

August 3, Friday, Walter Howell, London, Eng.

August 4, Saturday, Hon. Sidney Dean, Warren, R. I.

August 5, Sunday, Mrs. R. Little and Hon. Sidney Dean.

August 6, Monday, Conference.

August 7, Tuesday, Hon. Sidney Dean.

August 8, Wednesday, J. Frank Baxter, Chelsea, Mass.

August 9, Thursday, Rev. Samuel Weston, Memphis, Tenn.

August 10, Friday, J. Frank Baxter.

August 11, Saturday, Mrs. A. M. Glading, Doylestown, Pa.

August 12, Sunday, J. Frank Baxter and Mrs. A. M. Glading.

August 13, Monday, Conference.

August 14, Tuesday, Mrs. A. M. Glading.

August 15, Wednesday, Rev. Samuel Weston.

August 16, Thursday, Walter Howell.

August 17, Friday, J. Clegg Wright, Newfield, N. J.

August 18, Saturday, W. C. Warner, York-shire, N. Y.

August 19, Sunday, J. Clegg Wright and J. J. Morse, London, Eng.

August 20, Monday, Conference.

August 21, Tuesday, Mrs. F. O. Hyzer, Ravenscroft, N. Y.

August 22, Wednesday, J. J. Morse.

August 23, Thursday, Mrs. F. O. Hyzer.

August 24, Friday, Miss Jennie B. Hagan, Framingham, Mass.

August 25, Saturday, Memorial Day.

August 26, Sunday, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, of Chicago, Ill., and Hon. A. R. Richmond, Meadville, Pa.

August 27, Monday, Conference.

August 28, Tuesday, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond.

August 29, Wednesday, W. J. Colville, Boston, Mass.

August 30, Thursday, Miss Jennie B. Hagan.

August 31, Friday, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond.

August 32, Saturday, W. J. Colville.

September 1, Sunday, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond and W. J. Colville.

GENERAL INFORMATION.

Campers will please register their name at the Secretary's office.

No peddling of any kind allowed on the grounds.

The dancing parties, given on Wednesday and Saturday evenings, are sources of much enjoyment socially. They close always at 12 o'clock.

Daily papers for sale on the grounds.

Telegraph office on the grounds.

Baggage carried from the railroad to any part of the grounds at a charge of 15 cents for trunk, 10 cents for valise. Back fares will convey passengers to and from trains or to any hotel or private home in the vicinity.

Two steamers make regular trips on the lake.

All mail and express matter intended for the camp should be addressed to Lily Dale, Chautauque County, N. Y.

If more circulars are desired for distribution, send a request on a postal card to

E. GASTON, MEADVILLE, PA.



GUARANTEE
Every bottle of this medicine is guaranteed to cure the most stubborn cases of **LEACH'S OIL OF PINE** for **KIDNEY+TROUBLE** and **LAME BACK**. It is a natural remedy, and is guaranteed to cure the most stubborn cases of **LEACH'S OIL OF PINE** for